**The Storm In The Teacup.**

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# The Storm In The Teacup.

by SkylarkLaw


## Summary

Set four years after the happenings of Cooking up a Storm, Will Graham has been trying to move on with his life. This hasn't gone to plan however, as Hannibal Lecter escapes from the Baltimore State Hospital For The Criminally Insane when there are power failures. Jack Crawford is convinced Will is going to be Hannibal's target and insists on keeping him under supervision at all times, and puts him with a partner that he doesn't like much.


## Notes

See the end of the work for notes

# Chapter 1

Will didn't appreciate being bundled into the backseat of Jack's black SUV, and he didn't appreciate being woken at 4 am by armed FBI agents. "Jack… I've been on your team for a year now, and you didn't think to call before you came crashing into my house?" Will Said to the man in the drivers seat. Will himself, was squashed between the two agents that had pulled him out of bed. Jack started the car and pulled out from Will's drive. "Hannibal Lecter has escaped." Was all Jack said in reply.

Will sucked in a breath and held it for a moment, before releasing it in a long sigh. "Well… I said it would happen eventually. Wild animals are not meant to be caged after all." Will felt oddly calm about the whole situation, or maybe he just hadn't woken up enough yet to feel the shock and impending panic. "Was bringing armed agents, and having them squash me in this car really necessary?" He asked, wriggling between the two men that were a lot larger than he was. "I couldn't risk it, Lecter is bound to know where you live, even if you have moved home three times in the past four years."

It was true, Hannibal had always found out where Will was living, sending him letters that he almost never read. "You and I both have guns, he wouldn't even try to come near me knowing that." Will noticed the look Jack gave him in his mirror, it was an unsure look, as if he didn't trust even Will. He felt a prickle of anger but swallowed it down and said no more all the way to the bureau, in which Jack shoved him into a spare office. He toyed with the idea of just walking out and holding up in some coffee shop, he really couldn't stand being on what he presumed was house arrest; only he wasn't in his own home, and he was in a glass office open for people to peer in at him like some sort of zoo animal.

Sipping on the coffee that had been given to him, he winced at its cheap taste. Ever since Hannibal, he had been buying himself proper beans to make his coffee, it was the only expense he allowed himself to indulge in. Sighing he slouched in the office chair, watching as the agent's outside rushed around, it seemed like the whole department was being used in this case, Lecter was a dangerous man. Will snorted and got up to walk around the room, watching people closely, but making sure he didn't seem too interested. They could either bring him in on this or he was going to leave and hide out for a bit, he didn't want to be kept under protection, he could look after his damned self. Looking at Jack through the office window, he sent him a text, demanding that he be brought in on this. He watched as the older man read it, and looked up at Will, shaking his head.

Will frowned and opened the office door, walking straight out into the hustle and bustle of the department. "Will, get back in that damned room!" Jack bellowed across the room, people turning to look between the two. "No, I'm not staying in one room all day. As long as I'm inside the headquarters, Lecter won't get me." He argued back, edging his way toward an exit. "I'm going to go and find some proper coffee, and chill out with the lab crew. Is that a problem Jack?" Crawford looked at him, still looking pissed off and displeased that his agent was answering back. "Fine, but someone is going with you."

Will didn't argue, and allowed an agent named Miriam to accompany him to the canteen, he knew he could at least find some semi-decent coffee there. "Do you think Lecter is going to try and find you sir?" Will looked at her briefly before looking back at the coffee that he was stirring three sugars into. He wasn't used to being called sir, but she was a newbie and almost in the same league as him. "Will is fine… And most probably." He really wasn't worried, Hannibal wouldn't kill him straight away and he doubted the man would sink so low as to torture him. "Is it true you both had an extremely close relationship? I remember the newspapers at the time were referring to you as murder husbands and calling you the devil's mistress."

'Jesus, she's a nosy one' Will though to himself as they walked from the canteen toward the general direction of the labs. "Gossip and speculations, Agent Lass." He said. "And I would suggest you never trust gossip, it is not useful and it is not very becoming of someone to talk shit about another." He gave her a small smile, and pressed the button for the elevator. "Hannibal Lecter and I were good friends, I was also his PA for a year. It is a time that I chose to forget, and I finished my education and joined the FBI instead." He stepped to the side, allowing her into the lift first. "Rather than the fact that I caught him, and that I shot him in the hip. Hannibal will be more annoyed by the fact that I haven't gone to see him, or answered any of his letters for four years." He watched as Miriam followed his every word, seeming interested in what he was saying. Of course he had lied to her, he and Hannibal really had been closer than just friends, but the newspapers at the time were only guessing.

"You were the talk among us trainees when you joined the FBI, not because you had gone through less training, but because many people wanted to work with you when they had graduated the academy." Will felt a little awkward at that comment, he didn't view himself as someone that could be an influence to young people. "So it really is an honour to be working with you, sir." She finished, smiling at him. Will smiled a little back, he wanted to claw his way out of this elevator and get away from this woman. He really hated Jack right now, did he want him to commit murder again? Clearing his throat, will removed the images of Matthew Brown from his mind. It was still his and Hannibal's secret, and no one needed to know.

When they had reached the floor of the labs, Wills phone started to ring. "Jack…?" He said when he answered. "Will, I have a job for you and agent Lass. The child murders that have been happening as of late, we think we have a link. I would like you to follow up on it for me." Will handed his coffee to Miriam and pulled a pen from his pocket, ready to write an address on his hand.

The drive had been long, and he had played folk and country music at a volume loud enough to deter Agent Lass from speaking to him. When they got closer to their location however, he turned it down. "The recent murders have been of young girls and boys in their mid-teens, around the ages of 14-16." He started to explain to her, though she probably already knew of the case. " Jack has asked us to visit the Verger estate, a few of these bodies have been found just past the estate, and he would like us to question the household." Miriam was nodding, looking through the case notes that Will had grabbed before they left. "If you could, I'd like

you to speak to Miss Verger, and maybe some of the workers. I will speak to her brother, I've heard he's a tricky person to deal with."

It took them another 10 minutes before they arrived at the Vergers mansion. Will looked up at it as he closed his car door, it was a handsome building, he could imagine Hannibal living in a place like this. As they reached the bottom of the steps leading up to the main entrance, the doors opened. "Mr Verger is expecting you." Will ascended the steps, Lass close to his heels. The man who stood at the doors, looked like he must have been the butler. "We didn't tell him we were coming, are you sure you're not mixing us up with his expected guests?" Will said, standing in front of the man. "You are Will Graham are you not? Mr Verger will see you in his office." Will narrowed his eyes and followed the man inside anyway. "Your partner must stay here." The butler said once they were all inside the extremely large entrance hall. "That's not going to happen." Will said, he was starting to get annoyed. "Mr Verger will speak with only you." The other man said, not changing tone nor expression. Will turned to look at Miriam, who shrugged back at him. "It's fine sir, I will wait here. This is important for our case." Will really didn't trust leaving her here, he had been taught to stay with his partner at all times. Sighing he motioned for the butler to show him the way.

"Ahhh the devil's mistress himself!" Will was tempted to walk right back out of the room, this man had pissed him off already. "This is great, so great." Will looked at the man who was seated on a large desk, as if he had been posing this way, waiting for Will's arrival. "Please, take a seat, make yourself at home." The man, whose hair Will was staring at, waved his arms a little and walked over to a small seating area, consisting of two arm chairs and a sofa. Will followed and sat on the sofa, he was feeling awkward and annoyed. "Mr Verger, I have come to ask you a few questions concerning the recent murders surrounding your esta-" Will was cut off however as the other started talking. "Terrible terrible news, those poor children." Mason Verger jigged the leg that was crossed over his other one, he was like an overexcited child that couldn't stay still. "Tell me, Agent Graham, is it true Lecter is on the loose again?"

Will opened his mouth and then closed it, that news should not have been released yet. Not until the report that was scheduled at lunch. "Mr Verger… I do not know where you are getting any of your information, but I am not at any liberty to tell you a thing nor answer any questions you have that do not involve the case I am here to talk about." Will was leaning forward now, looking the other man in the eyes. "Now, could you tell me if you had met any of these children before. Were they known to come to this area or did they help on your farm at all?"

Mason lent forward, smiling as he looked at Will. "Now I know why Lecter liked fucking you so much. You're a feisty one." Will raised one of his eyebrows "that I am, now could you answer the question, please." Mason continued to smile "no I did not know any of the children, never heard of them before this, and I have not seen them around here before. I bet you taste good, that's why he kept you alive, good enough to savour over and over." Mason Verger licked his lips slightly and looked Will up and down. He was wearing a white shirt that had the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, black trousers and black shoes. Nothing smart but at the same time, not his checked shirts; which made him feel slightly vulnerable. "Oh I'm sure I do, but you'll never get a taste." Will answered, smirking back at the other man. He felt like his words held a flirting feel to them, but he was far from wanting to flirt with this man. "Though I'm sure I'm not your type, Mr Verger. I heard you like them… Young."

He pressed on, his voice dipping now with slight disgust and warning. He wasn't stupid, Mason Verger was high on his suspect list.

Mason Verger's smile widened "oh no, no, no...Are you accusing me of something Agent Graham? That simply won't do." The man got to his feet, tutting and shaking his head. "Let me show you something, Agent Graham." The man strutted toward the door of his office, not waiting for Will, who had to scramble to his feet and quickly follow the other man before he got lost in this large house. They walked through to a back entrance which lead to the large courtyard where some stables stood, Will noticed Miriam speaking to a woman just outside of them, he hadn't even noticed she wasn't in the entrance hall when they walked through it. "I'm about to show you the Verger livelihood, Agent Graham. This is what papa built our great company upon." Mason lead Will to a large building, from the outside he could already hear the mass amount of squealing. Mason opened the door for him to enter first.

What he saw made him feel a little sick, the pigs were packed into one area; which being an animal lover, he disagreed with. "These are special piggies." Mason started to speak, standing next to Will, his hand in his pockets and a large smile on his face. "My own little experiment. Did you know pigs are carnivorous animals, Agent Graham?" Will didn't answer, just started at the animals, some of which were squealing at him through the bars of their confinement. "I am not the killer you are looking for." Mason said, he sounded serious for a moment and leaned in to whisper something into Will's ear.

Will made a slightly disgusted face and looked at Mason with cold eyes. "Aren't you just pretty, pretty when you stare like that." Mason said and walked out of the building.

Jack had booked Will into a hotel, all on the bureaus expenses of course so he didn't have to pay for a thing. Though if he was honest, he couldn't relax with two agents standing outside of his door. He really did feel like he was on room arrest. What was worse, he was on the fifth floor, so he couldn't even escape out of the window. He decided to take advantage of the mini bar and drank a few bottles of beer before laying his head down for the night, in an attempt to get some sleep. He played Mason Verger's words over in his head, the open and ready admittance he had whispered into Will's ear. He wondered why he hadn't told Jack all of what Mason had said to him, he was covering for a man that quite frankly, disgusted him. But it wasn't the first time he had covered for a man, or for himself even.

His head filled with memories of his kill of Matthew Brown, and of his nights spent with Hannibal, the way the man had made him feel. His breath hitched as he started to touch himself at the thought. The man still had a hold on him, mind and body. A knock on his room door disturbed his thoughts, shaking him from the pleasure that he was allowing himself. He laid looking at the door for a moment before another knock came. Cursing under his breath, Will grabbed the bathrobe that the Hotel supplied and tried to cover the erection he was now sporting, as best he could. As soon as he opened the door, a force hit him so hard that he doubled over, unable to recover before he felt a sharp scratch against his neck and a hand gripping his hair.

The last thing he saw before blacking out, was the pool of blood soaked into the hotel corridors tacky carpet. And the two agents on the floor, quite obviously the ones bleeding out said blood.

Shit, why was it always him?

# High.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal found this all rather amusing. That this man had found it worth risking his life and his men's lives to bring him to this place, was spectacular. What he didn't find amusing however, was the fact that a certain brunette had been drugged and brought along. It also displeased him that the Verger man had Will laid across the sofa, the brunettes head placed in his lap, on which his hand pet Will like an animal.

"Relax, relax, your partner here is fine." Mason droned in that annoying voice, it was a miracle that Hannibal had kept his ability to be patient all these years of being locked up. His eyes flicked from Mason's face to Will again. "Would it not be better to put some clothes on him?" Hannibal asked, eyeing Will and the fact that all he wore was a dressing gown which was mostly open. Mason laughed a little and purposely pulled the dressing gown off some more. "You and I both know we prefer him this way."

Hannibal grit his teeth slightly but composed himself, looking back to Mason. "Do I have the pleasure of now knowing why I have been brought here? Will too." Hannibal asked, he had been asking since before Will arrived, but Verger had refused to say a thing. "Because it's fun." Mason answered, grinning like an idiot. "And because I have a gift for William here." Mason cooed at the sleeping man, running his hands through his soft brown curls. "Well, a soon to be gift." He looked at Hannibal expectantly, that still stupid smile on his face. "Ya know this guy here was accusing me of being a child murderer earlier!" Verger gripped Will's hair a little and pulled his head back. "A previous worker of mine has gone rogue, I've allowed him to have his rebellious stage, but when it brings the FBI knocking at my door… Well, then there's problems." He tightened his grip on Will's hair, quite obviously agitated.

"What would you say to hunting down this ex worker of mine? We both know how you dislike child killers… Your sister wasn't it?" Hannibal had to stop himself from killing the man then and there. His teeth ground together, and his blood boiled. "Such a terrible thing. No wonder you turned into the beast that killed your sister." Mason Verger laughed, clearly enjoying that he had Hannibal Lecter so worked up. "Besides, if you don't do this job for me, Will here is going to become food for my little piggies."

When will awoke, his head was pounding to the point of tears. He pulled himself up onto his knees, head buried into the pillows as he groaned out loudly. It didn't compute with him that he wasn't in his hotel room until at least fifteen minutes later when he sat up properly. "Ah shit…" He said, remembering what had happened. The room he was in was decorated grandly, even the bed he was on was a four poster bed. The decor was something he would associate with Hannibal, but he knew that's not who had brought him here, the manner in which he'd been attacked was far too crude to have been Hannibal. He crawled to the edge of

the bed, using one of the posts to steady himself as he stood. The bath robe he wore was so loose that it barely covered a thing, but he didn't particularly care at this moment in time. Holding his head, Will walked over to the window to check if his theory on where he was, was correct. He wasn't even going to bother checking the door, he knew it would be locked.

Pulling back the curtains, he saw that it was night, but the slight hint of light on the horizon confirmed that it was most probably 3 or 4 in the morning. He also had a great view of the Vergers stables from this room. "Goddamn Mason Verger…" Will mumbled, letting the curtains fall back into place. He was going to go back to the bed when a door behind him opened, making him jump. He turned quickly, almost losing his balance and quickly saving himself by holding onto the wall. "Careful, Will. You should not be standing, you may make yourself sick." The breath caught in his throat and he closed his eyes, pressing his forehead against the wall. This is the last thing he needed, the last person he wanted to see right now. He could hear someone approaching him, his internal alarm system rang in warning for danger, telling him to run. His breathing became slightly heavy, his brain willing his body to move, run, escape.

Plucking up the courage, he made to run but fell almost immediately. Much to his annoyance, he was saved before he hit the floor. "Do not touch me, get the fuck off." He spat spitefully, yanking his arms away and falling to his hands and knees. Will started to crawl away, not that he knew where he was crawling to. A sigh came from behind "still such a stubborn boy."

"Fuck you, Hannibal. Fuck you." Will said again, even though he knew this might annoy the older man, he hated rudeness. He made a strange sound of shock however, when he was suddenly picked up off of the floor in an effortless way. He was then thrown onto the bed, where he scrambled to the headboard, away from the other. "It has been a while, Will." Hannibal sat at the bottom of the bed, his legs crossed, back straight and looking his usual stately self; it was as if these past four years hadn't passed, and it was just them in Hannibal's home again. "I see you have not changed." Hannibal smiled his small smile, the one that curved the corners of his mouth. Will looked at his lips, breathing heavily through his nose. He didn't know what to say, the alarms still rang throughout his body in warning, fear and excitement. "You're working with Mason Verger now?" He said, looking past Hannibal. He didn't want to meet the mans eyes, he didn't want to risk being sucked in, manipulated. "No, I am very much in the same boat as you. We are both very much his prisoner."

Will snorted at that comment. "You? His prisoner?" He didn't believe that at all, the Hannibal he knew could easily escape. Hannibal hummed, the small smile still on his face. Risking it, Will glanced up, his eyes locking with the other mans. His breath hitched. "I have missed you Will, I was so very upset when you did not reply to my letters." Hannibal moved closer to Will, who was now very much like a deer caught in headlights. "Please don't…" Will said meekly, pulling himself into a tight ball, his eyes still locked With Hannibal's. "Hush. Now, Will, would you allow me to check your eyes… You were injected with a high dose." Hannibal loomed over the other male. "Yes…." Will breathed out, almost whispering it.

"Good boy." Hannibal tilted Will's face up, holding his jaw so that his head stayed in that position while he used his other hand to examine Will's eyes, lifting the top lid slightly so that he could see his pupils. Hannibal's fingers seared into Will's flesh, he felt like they would melt into his skin at any moment. "You should be fine with some rest, and water."

Hannibal released Will, and instead poured a large glass of water from a jug on the bedside cabinet before handing it to Will to drink. “You must hydrate yourself… You have been out for around five hours, if I was told correctly.” Will took the glass, drinking from it as he pulled his eyes away from Hannibal to look elsewhere in the room. He flinched slightly as Hannibal ran his fingers through his hair, his fingers tugging a little at his curls. “I have something I must do, so I would like you to stay here and be good… Do not anger Mason Verger.” Hannibal said, still running his fingers through Will’s hair.

“So you really are working for Mason Verger…” Will said, glancing at Hannibal again. “Did the hospital really drive you that insane?” Hannibal chuckled at this, Will’s humour and cheekiness had not changed either. It pleased him that the brunette was reacting this way. “Are you going to kill me when you come back…” Will whispered, looking down.

“There are some that will die, you are not one. Surely we have forgiven each other, no?” Hannibal gripped Will’s jaw again to make him look up. “I expect you to be alive when I come back, I will not be long. This particular prey is an easy catch.” Hannibal lent forward and ghosted his lips across Will’s before standing and straightening out the shirt he was wearing.
Will said nothing in return, just watched as Hannibal left the room, the lock clicking as it was locked behind him.

Well shit, looked like he was stuck here.

He had taken Hannibal’s advice, drunk two glasses of water and gone back to sleep. But he was definitely regretting going back to sleep now, or rather he was regretting waking up. Will frowned at the person next to him and made a face of disgust. “creepy fuck” he said and sat up, groaning mostly from the body ache he was experiencing. “Now now, William. No need to be rude!” Mason Verger had been laying next to Will, his head held in his hand, watching him while he slept. “Ya know, you look so serene when you sleep.” Mason commented, still laying on his side. Will was tempted to push the man off of the bed.

“Were you happy to see Lecter again, eh?” Mason said, getting off the bed to flounce around the room in an hyperactive way. Will didn’t answer him, just ran a hand over his face tiredly, he really couldn’t be bothered with this. After a while, he spoke. “Is this your way of torture? Stuck in a room with you?”

Verger just stopped by the window, turning his head to smile at Will in his usual stupid way. Will stared back, an eyebrow raised. Though before he knew it, his hair had been grabbed from the back and he was being pulled down onto the bed where strong arms pinned him. “What the hell?!” He shouted, fighting against the man holding him down. Mason walked back over, this time with something in his hand. “I’m sorry, but I must give you this. I just wanna see you relax.” Mason drawled. Raising the syringe in hand, he stabbed it into Will’s arm without mercy and injected the liquid inside. “Now that should take a few minutes to get into your bloodstream. And then bam!”

Will started to breathe heavily, a slight panic settling in the base of his stomach. What the hell was this mad man giving him? He thrashed against the man holding him again, managing to punch him in the face. Taking his surprise as an advantage to get away, Will rolled off of the bed and ran toward the door. He was pounced upon again though, before he could get there.

Mason stood to the side, watching the whole scene take place, a smile of amusement on his face and an ecstatic laugh coming from his mouth. Will growled out, putting up as much fight as he could. He could hear a voice in the back of his head, telling him what to do. In a split second Will had his arms around the mans neck and his teeth embedded into his cheek. Pulling away he pulled a chunk from the mans face with him and spat it out on to the floor.

Will stood when the other had rolled away from him, howling in pain. He placed a hand on his hip and ran his other hand through his hair, uncaring that his robe lay completely open. Blood was dripping from his mouth and chin to run down his chest. If his time after Hannibal had taught him anything, it was that some scum are worth hurting or killing.

He turned to look at Mason, but just as he turned he came over quite dizzy. He reached out to grab something but stumbled back instead, almost falling to the floor. “No, no, no, William. That won’t do.” He heard the voice of Mason Verger come from somewhere, it seemed to echo around him as the world blurred in a mix of colours and lights. “Poor Cordell.” Will felt himself fall to the ground, he felt sick. Closing his eyes, colour seemed to dance behind his eyelids. His hair was grabbed by the roots, and painfully pulled but he felt too weak to fight back now as he tried to pull the hand away.

“I think you should make it up to Cordell.” Mason speaks, his voice seeming closer, yet still so far away as it echoed and bounced off the walls of Will’s mind. He couldn’t help but whimper as he felt a hand between his legs. He wanted Hannibal, needed him like a child needs their mother.

Chapter End Notes

Added the warning of rape, but I won't be going into any detail. Cordell in the books is a sexual predator along with Mason, so I just thought I'd make Will suffer a little more, ya know... The usual. This just gives Hannibal more of a reason to make them suffer, right?

# Rescued

Chapter Summary

In which Will is saved and clings to Hannibal like a child.

Chapter Notes

I'll admit now, I haven't proof read this as I wanted to get the chapter out. Also, sorry for slacking and not updating in forever! My party animal life has been totally getting in the way.

Hannibal had been gone for two days now, and Will had been stuck in this room. His body was a limp mess from the cocktail of drugs that had been pumped into him. He also ached from the abuse he had suffered the past day and a half. Will decided that when he could move, he would kill them all. Mason Verger and his ape, with the now fucked up face, would be his main targets.

He could finally feel the last dose of drugs wearing off, the aches and pains coming through more strongly now that he could feel. He was about to attempt some movement when he heard shouting and a few gunshots ringing through the household. “Shit.. What’s happening now…” He mumbled with his raspy voice. He had been denied water for the past day.

Willing himself, he managed to sit up, though he was clinging to the bed for dear life. He could hear feet outside his door running around. Pulling himself to his feet a little too quickly, he fell to the floor. “Fucking shit!” Just as he was trying to push himself up, the door banged open, but it was someone more unexpected. Will made a noise of tired relief and allowed himself to stay collapsed on the floor.

He awoke to the familiar sight of white, the sound of beeping and the itch of cheap sheets. It felt like deja-vu, he had been here before. Though that time he had been in a lot more pain, and cut open with a smile. Turning his head he found Jack, snoozing in a chair next to his bed. He groaned when he tried moving, his body ached like hell.

The noise woke the man next to him. “Will…” Jack said, sitting forward straight away. His face was etched with worry. It felt kind of nice seeing the older man show this side of

himself, he didn't usually express any compassion toward him. "Jack.." Will said in reply, his voice cracked. Getting to his feet, Jack poured a glass of water and handed it to Will, this time he didn't need to help the younger man drink. Will smiled and took it with both hands, scared that he would drop it. "Thank you…" He said once he had drained the whole glass, handing it back to Jack. He had forgotten how good it was to feel water against his lips. "What happened?" He asked the older man, he needed to know.

Jack seemed to hesitate before answering. "We were tipped off about your whereabouts, though when we came for you, Mason Verger was nowhere to be found." Will had to stop himself from shivering, he may have been drugged most of the time, but he could remember snippets of what had happened to him. "I want to go home." He said finally, after sitting in silence for a while. Pulling at the wires attached to himself, he made to get out of bed. Jack stopped him before he could go any further than one leg out. "No, you're going to stay in here for the night, and then I will take you to a safe place."

Will grit his teeth and glared up at the man. "Isn't that what you said last time, Jack? A safe place, with armed guards." No, Will would be safer in his little farmhouse, with the dog he had found a year back. "I am going home."

Will had argued until Jack gave in. He'd be lying if he said he wasn't hoping that Hannibal would come and see him. The man owed him an apology for leaving him with Verger in his horror house. He flinched as he remembered what had happened to him, before frowning. 'No, I will not be a victim.' He said to himself as he was driven home by a couple of FBI agents. Jack had left him with around six agents, a waste of time in his opinion, but it had been a fair enough deal. A smile stretched across his face as they drove up the little dirt track, and he saw who was waiting for him on the porch. "Hey boy!" He called, as the bundle of golden love ran toward him. Will buried his face into the dog's fur and breathed in. Home sweet home.

He didn't invite the agents in, though they were to man the perimeter anyway. He went straight to the kitchen, grabbing a bottle of whiskey from under the sink before heading to his bathroom to run a hot bath. His body needed cleansing. Looking at himself in the mirror, he saw his reflection for the first time. He had a split lip, and he could see a few bruises around his neck. Opening the bottle Will took a swig before smiling at his reflection. "Should have gotten him in the neck." He said to himself as he reenacted in his mind, the moment his teeth sunk into the flesh of that oath. A small shiver shook his body and he looked away, going to the bath to turn the water off before stripping down and stepping into the scalding hot water.

It stung his skin, but he was beyond caring at this point. Submerging himself in the water to his neck, he stayed like that a little while before moving to scrub at the now red skin, occasionally taking a swig from his whisky bottle. Scrub it away and drink to forget, these were his plans for the day. By the time he had gotten out of the bath, the water had turned cold, his skin was raw red, and his fingers had started to wrinkle from being in the water for so long.

Will patted himself dry and went to his bedroom to find a loose pair of Pajama bottoms and t-shirt that he could lounge around in. Winston sat at the foot of the bed wagging his tail, where he had been waiting for Will to emerge from the bathroom. “Hey boy.” He said, smiling and scratching behind the dog's ear. He found and grabbed some clothes, pulling them on before leading the way to the kitchen, where he filled a dog bowl with some food; Will wasn’t entirely sure when the last time Winston had eaten.

He stood to watch his furry friend eat for a bit, before going back to his bedroom to find a sweater. He was starting to feel cold now, and he had forgotten his bottle of whisky. Opening the closet, he pushed items of clothing to the side as he looked for a sweater. His movements faltered when his hand landed on a particular suit, the only suit in his closet that wasn’t off any old hanger from a normal store. “Jesus christ…” He mumbled, and pushed past it, grabbing a sweater and quickly closing the doors. “Whisky, more whisky will help.” He said to himself, pulling the sweater on and grabbing the bottle on his way to the bed. He would stay here, on this bed, like a ship out at sea. Just him, no one else, because everyone else were sharks trying to eat him alive.

He didn’t know what woke him. He wasn’t sure if it was the empty bottle falling from his bed, the throb of his head or the soft tones of classical music flowing in through his bedroom door. He groaned, because all three things made him feel nauseous. He rolled into a sitting position, holding his head for a moment before getting shakily to his feet. He sucked in a breath and slowly made his way toward the source of music, which to his dread, was coming from the kitchen. He wasn’t surprised to see who he did, when he reached the door of the kitchen. “Are you stupid?” He said, his voice was still hoarse. He held himself up against the door frame, the alcohol was still circulating his body.

“On the contrary, I pride myself in my academic achievements.” Hannibal replied and turned to look at the brunette. His eyes drank in the sorry state. “You had your achievements stripped from you when you chose to kill people.” Will said with a little huff and moved himself to sit at the table, where he let his head fall onto the surface with a little groan.

Hannibal said nothing for a long while, just looked the younger man over. “I am glad your colleagues made it to your rescue, they were none the wiser that their tip off was the man they’re hunting.” Will squinted up at the other and snorted. “You were too late.” He said, bitterness laced in his words. “I feel like another piece of me has died and joined that piece you cut away.” With that, he got up and stumbled his way back to his room. He was hoping that if he went back to sleep, he would wake up to find this was all a dream.

But much to his annoyance, the other man followed him. “Why are you still here?” He said and flopped onto the bed, turning his back to Hannibal. “Will” The man said. “Would you be so kind as to tell me what happened.” He could see the brunette had been in a fight or two, he hadn’t put it past Verger to torture Will.

“Will.” The man said again, when he had no answer. He grabbed Will and rolled him onto his back, holding him there as the man squirmed. “Let go….” Will said, a little breathless, panic

clear in his eyes. Hannibal did not, and instead climbed ontop of him to keep him pinned firmly. Will automatically panicked more, breathing heavily. It wasn't thoughts of Hannibal that ran through his mind though, it was Verger and the ape. "Please, not again." He whimpered, sounding like a child now.

It was then that Hannibal fully realised what had happened. He'd be lying if he said he wasn't angry, he was furious. Rolling to the side, he pulled Will into his arms and cradled him, shushing against his hair. He whispered something softly against Will's ear, causing the brunette to shiver and wriggle further into his hold; his arms and hands wrapping around and grabbing at the man like a lifeline. "I want to do it." He said softly in reply, his voice shaking a little. "Please let me do it."

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading, I wasn't sure if I should add more to the story, but I felt like I wanted to explore the side of Will that murdered Matthew Brown and let Hannibal take the fall for it.

Please, please, pleaseee give me feedback and tell me what you think.

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